The fold ſtands empty, in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymme or carroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes do abound.
And through this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoared headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buds
Is as in mockery ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and originall.

Oberon. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buies not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votreſſe of my order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde,

Which

Which ſhe with pretty
Following (her womb
Would imitate, and ſai
To fetch me trifles, an
As from a voyage, rich
But ſhe being mortall,
And for her ſake do I re
And for her ſake I will
Ob. How long withi
Queen. Perchance ti
If you will patiently da
And ſee our Moone-lig
If not, ſhun me and I wi
Ob. Giue me that bo
Qu. Not for thy Fair
We ſhall chide downe r
Ob. Well, go thy way
Till I torment thee for t
My gentle *Puc* come h
Since once I ſat vpon a
And heard a Meare-ma
Vttering ſuch dulcet an
That the rude ſea grew
And certaine ſtarres ſho
To heare the Sea-maids
Puc. I remember.
Ob. That very time I
Flying betweene the co
Cupid all arm'd; a certa
At a faire Veſtall, throne
And loos'd his loue-ſhaf
As it ſhould pierce a hu
But I might ſee young C
Quencht in the chaſte be
And the imperiall Votre